

THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

BEREA, - - - KENTUCKY.

In the manufacture of tobacco St. Louis has long led all the rest of the world. From the Missouri district, chiefly in its principal city, the government draws far more revenue from tobacco manufacture than it does from any other quarter in the country.

In San Diego county, California, recently, there died, at the great age of 133 years, Augustine, chief of the Sequola tribe of Indians. He has ruled the tribe over 100 years, and in all that time had never been incapacitated by sickness for more than one day at a time.

The oldest living recipient of an honorary degree from Harvard is ex-Gov. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who received the LL. D. degree in 1851, when it was the custom to so honor the governor of the state, a custom which stopped with the election of Benjamin F. Butler.

The insurance people will soon take up the matter of having cotton baled in the new-fashioned round bale, instead of the old square bale, which has always been more or less of a tinder box. The new style is almost proof against the careless use of fire, and the increased cost of baling is not worth taking into consideration. No doubt the necessary legislation will be forthcoming soon.

Marion Hayashi, the new Japanese minister to the court of St. James, is regarded as one of the ablest among Japanese junior statesmen. He passed the early part of his official career in the department of public works, but he was subsequently transferred to the rank of vice minister, holding that post throughout the war with China and receiving a patent of nobility for distinguished service.

When Trinity college, Dublin, confers the degree of doctor of divinity upon Rt. Rev. William Crosswell Doane, according to its announced intention, it will make the third time the bishop of the diocese of Albany has been honored by educational institutions in Great Britain. He now holds a similar degree from Oxford, while Cambridge has dubbed him doctor of laws. Bishop Doane is a son of Boston, having been born there in 1832.

On a bet of \$2,000 James Clayton, of Gulf Mills, Pa., has started to tour the United States afoot. He must not use any other means of progress not even walking unless the road shall be absolutely impassable, and must return by March 28, 1901, having meantime visited every city of 500,000 inhabitants or over, getting the signature in each city of either the mayor or chief of police. Mr. Clayton is not an expert rider.

Thirty-one cases of divorce, separation or annulment of marriage, there being no defense in any of them, were disposed of by Justice Andrews, of the supreme court, New York, a few days ago at an average speed of ten minutes to the case. The character of the evidence in a number of the cases favored expedition. Several defendants appeared as witnesses for the plaintiffs and admitted their guilt. Evidence in some of the cases had been taken on commission in other states.

One of the most striking objects at the military service institute museum on Governor's Island, N. Y., is the identical black charger, Winchester, on which Gen. Philip Sheridan took his celebrated ride during the civil war. The animal is stuffed, of course, because he died in 1876, but the taxidermist has done his work so well that the horse is almost as natural as in life. He was prepared and mounted at Gen. Sheridan's own expense and presented by him to the museum.

Cutting the snail on the Upper Nile has released a mass of long-stagnant water which is working its way down the river, killing the fish as it goes. At Assouan, where the great dam is being built, the dead fish have been cast ashore in millions and the odor is unpleasant. The Nile water is all the workmen have to drink, and though, when filtered, it seems to have no ill effect upon them, cells plunged into the filtered water are suffocated in a few minutes.

Fifteen-year-old William Van Aliman, while picking berries west of Altoona, Pa., was nipped by a rattlesnake, which he failed to observe under a bush. The fangs of the reptile caught one of the boy's fingers near the end. First killing the snake, he had drew his pocketknife, and, with Spartan courage, cut off the injured finger at the second joint. He bound the wound with his handkerchief and hastened to Altoona, where the injury was dressed. The physician says he is in no danger.

The magnificent granite state capitol at Austin, Tex., has become infested with centipedes of great size. These poisonous insects are to be found in every department of the state government. A few days ago one was seen in the governor's private office and after a lively chase it was killed. It measured 7 1/2 inches. The cause of this sudden pest of centipedes is unknown. They are particularly fond of damp places and large numbers of them have been seen about the sinks and lavatories of the building.

THE DAY'S WORK.

Do thy day's work, my dear,
Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near,
Though time has little left for hope and
Very much for fear.

Do thy day's work, though now
The hand must falter and the head must bow,
And far above the falling foot shows the
Bold mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us,
Who, on the valley's verge, stand trembling thus,
A light that lies far in the west—soft,
Faint, but luminous.

We can give gentle thought
And charity, by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by
Toll and failure wrought.
We can give love, unmarred
By selfish snatch of happiness, unmarred
By the keen sting of power or joy that
Make youth cold and hard.

And, if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold, would fain fare on unchecked,
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all
That young eyes expect,
Why, do thy day's work still.
The calm, deep founts of love are slow to
Chill;
And heaven may yet the harvest yield, the
Work-worn hands to fill.
—All the Year Round.

THE STURGIS WAGER. A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.
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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"That is just the point," replied Sturgis; "another witness will be biased by his interests or prejudices, blinded by jealousy, love or hatred, or handicapped by overzealousness, stupidity, lack of memory, or what not. Circumstantial evidence is always impartial, truthful, absolute. When the geologist reads the history of the earth, as it is written in its crust; when a Kepler or a Newton formulates the immutable laws of the universe, as they are recorded in the motions of the heavenly bodies, they draw their conclusions from evidence which is entirely circumstantial."

"Yes; but you forget that science has often been mistaken in its conclusions," interrupted Sprague, "so that it has constantly been necessary to alter theories to fit newly acquired or better understood facts."

"Granted," rejoined Sturgis, "but that is because the interpreters of the evidence are fallible; not because the evidence itself is incomplete. The same cause will always produce the same effect; the same chain of events will invariably terminate in one and the same catastrophe. The apparent deviations from this law are due to unrecognized differences in the producing causes, to additional or missing links in the chain of evidence. Therefore I hold that a criminal, however clever he may be, leaves behind him a complete trace of his every act, from which his crime may be reconstructed with absolute certainty by a competent detective."

"In short, 'Murder will out,'" said a man who had been an silent listener to the conversation up to this point. He spoke with a quiet smile, which barely escaped being a polite sneer.

Sturgis' keen eyes met his interlocutor's as he replied gravely: "It should hardly care to make so sweeping an affirmation, Dr. Murdoch. I have merely stated that the history of every crime is indelibly written in tangible evidence. The writing is on the wall, but of course a blind man cannot see it, nor can an illiterate man understand it. Every event, however trivial, owes its occurrence to a natural cause, and leaves its indelible impress upon nature. The Indian on the trail reads with an experienced eye the story of his enemy's passage, as it has been recorded in trodden turf and broken twigs; while the bloodhound follows, with unerring judgment, a still surer though less tangible trail. The latter's quarry has left behind, at every step, an invisible, impalpable, and yet unmistakable part of itself. Perhaps my meaning can be made clear by an illustration. When a photographer in his dark room takes an exposed plate from his camera, it is apparently a blank; but in reality there is upon this plate the minutely detailed history of an event, which, in proper hands, can be brought before the least competent of observers as irrefutable evidence. Here, the actinic rays of the sunlight are the authors of the evidence; but every natural force, in one way or another, conspires with the detective to run the criminal to earth."

"Unless," suggested Murdoch, "the ability happens to be on the side of the quarry; in which case, the conspiracy of nature's forces turns against the hunter."

"Ah!" retorted the reporter, "the game is not an equal one. The dice are loaded. For while on the one hand the detective, if he falls into an error, has a lifetime in which to correct it, any misstep on the part of the criminal is fatal. And who is infallible?"

"Not the detective, at any rate," answered Murdoch, with naive irony. "It has always seemed to me that the halo which has been conferred upon him, chiefly through the efforts of imaginative writers of sensational fiction, is entirely undeserved. In the first place, most of the crimes of which we hear are committed either by men of low order of intelligence or else by madmen, in which latter category I include all criminals acting under the impulse of any of the passions—hatred, love, jealousy, anger. And then, while the detective takes good care that his successes shall be proclaimed from the townships, he is equally careful to suppress all accounts, so to suppress

every detail of his failures, whenever there is any possibility of so doing. You can see, I know, plenty of cases in which, even after the lapse of years, the crime has been discovered and the criminal has been confronted with his guilt, but—"

"In my opinion," piped the shrill voice of an elderly man of clerical aspect, "conscience is the surest detective, after all."

"Conscience!" retorted Murdoch, calmly; "the word is a euphemism. Man gives the name of conscience to his fear of discovery and punishment. There is no such thing as conscience in the criminal who has absolute confidence in his power to escape detection."

"But where is the man who can have that superb confidence in himself?" asked Sprague.

"His name is probably legion," answered Murdoch, quickly. "He is the author of every crime whose history remains forever unwritten."

"And are these really so numerous?" "Let us see how the case stands in one single class of crime—say, for instance, murder. Whenever the solution of a sensational murder mystery is effected by the detectives, or by their allies, the gentlemen of the press, like our friend Mr. Sturgis, we, the gullible public, vociferously applaud the achievements of these guardians of the public safety, and forthwith proceed to award them a niche in the temple of Fame. So far, so good. But what of the dark mysteries which remain forever unsolved? What of the numerous crimes of which no one ever even knows?"

"Oh! come now, doctor," laughed Sprague, "isn't it rather paradoxical to base your argument on the assumption of crimes of whose very existence you admit you have no knowledge?"

Murdoch smiled grimly as he replied: "Go to the morgue of any large city, where the unrecognized dead are exposed for identification. Aside from the morbid crowd which is drawn to such a place by uncanny curiosity, you will find that each corpse is anxiously scanned by numbers of people, each of whom is seeking a missing friend or relative. At the most each body can furnish the key to only one mystery. Then what of the scores, ay, the hundreds of others?"

After a short pause, he continued: "No; murder will not out—at least not when the criminal is what I might call a professional, a man of genius in his vocation, educated, intelligent, dispassionate, scientific. Fortunately for the reputation of the detective, amateur and professional, the genius in the criminal line is necessarily of a modest and retiring disposition. He cannot call the public attention to his ingenuity and skill; he cannot puff his achievements in the daily press. Not only are his masterpieces unsigned, but they remain forever unheard of. The detective is known only by his successes; the criminal's reputation is based solely upon his failures."

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"His name is probably legion," answered Murdoch, quickly. "He is the author of every crime whose history remains forever unwritten."

"And," he added, with a supercilious smile, "you are at liberty to fix the limit of time in which the wager must be decided."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed a young broker, "this is becoming interesting, and promises some sport for those of us who are giddy enough to enjoy staking something on this novel contest. I, for one, am willing to lay reasonable odds on the side of law and order, as represented by the enlightened press, in the person of our clever friend Sturgis. Come, Chadwick, will two to one against the scientific criminal tempt you to champion the cause of that apparently unappreciated individual?"

"Very well, Fred," answered the man addressed; "I'll take you for a hundred."

A few similar bets were laughingly arranged and a copy of the Evening Tempest was sent for.

CHAPTER III.

DR. MURDOCK'S PROBLEM.
Sprague's stag dinner was virtually over when a servant brought in a copy of the Evening Tempest. The dessert had been removed, the coffee and liqueurs had been served, and the guests had lighted their cigars. The host passed the newspaper to Dr. Murdoch, who proceeded to glance leisurely through its columns.

"Ah! this will do," he exclaimed, at last. "Here is something which will, I think, answer our purpose—"

"MYSTERIOUS SHOTS IN WALL STREET."

WHO FIRED THEM?
STORY OF A STRAY SATCHEL.

THE POLICE PUZZLED.

"While on his bent, at a quarter past five o'clock, on Monday, February 13, 1900, John Flynn, hearing the report of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank—"

"The Knickerbocker bank!" interrupted the young broker, "Mr. Dunlap, that interests you. Do your directors indulge in pistol practice at the board meetings?"

"What is that about the Knickerbocker bank?" asked the man to whom this speech was addressed. Having been engaged with his neighbor in an earnest discussion on financial questions, he had not been listening to the general conversation.

Murdoch adjusted his eyeglasses and quietly resumed:

"John Flynn, bearing the report of a pistol from the direction of the Knickerbocker bank, in Wall street, situated at the top of his speed toward the building. When he was within about 20 yards of the bank another shot rang out, and at the same instant a man darted down the steps and ran toward Broadway."

Richard Dunlap, president of the Knickerbocker bank, was listening attentively enough now. Behind the calm mask of the financier there was the evident anxiety of the bank president. For the stability of a bank, like the honor of a woman, is at the mercy of every passing rumor.

"He carried in his hand a small satchel, which he dropped as soon as he saw that he was pursued. After an exciting chase Flynn overtook his man, whom he recognized as Michael Quinlan, alias Shorty Duff, a well-known sneak thief. On the way back to the bank the policeman questioned his prisoner about the pistol shots. Quinlan vehemently denied having fired them, but admitted that he had stolen the satchel. His story is that as he was passing the bank, the outer door was ajar. Seeing the satchel in the vestibule, he entered, crouching low in order to avoid being seen through the inner door, the upper portion of which is of plate glass. Scarcely had he laid his hands upon the satchel when he was startled by the report of a pistol. For a moment he was dazed and undecided how to act. Then, as no one seemed to take any notice of his presence, he was quietly slipping off when a second shot was fired. Startled, he took to his heels, only to be captured by Flynn."

"On reaching the bank Flynn found the outer door closed, but not fastened. The heavy iron gate between it and the inner door was securely locked, however, so that it was impossible to enter. The Knickerbocker bank has a second entrance on Exchange place. But this, too, is protected by a massive iron gate, which also was found locked. Flynn rushed for assistance, and the call having been answered by Police-men Kilpatrick and O'Donnell, he left the former to watch the Exchange place door, and the latter to guard the entrance on Wall street, while he took his prisoner to the police station."

Messengers were at once dispatched to the house of Richard Dunlap, the president of the bank, and to that of George S. Dunlap, the cashier. The former was not at home, and the family being out of town, there was no one who knew where he was spending the evening."

Every eye turned toward Richard Dunlap as this paragraph was read. His features remained impassive, under the full control of the veteran financier; but to an observant eye like Sturgis', the man's real anxiety was betrayed by the unconscious action of his right hand, which lay upon the table and played nervously with a fork.

"Yes," said the banker, carelessly, feeling the curious gaze of the other guests upon him, and answering their unspoken questions, "yes, that is true; I did not tell my housekeeper that I was invited to dine by my friend Sprague this evening. There was, of course, no reason why I should. Well, Dr. Murdoch, did they find Rutherford?"

Murdoch had looked up while the banker was speaking. He now leisurely found his place and continued the reading of the article in the Tempest:

"The cashier fortunately was at home, and he hurried down town at once with his set of bank keys. Two detectives from the central office accompanied him, and the three men carefully searched the premises. They found nothing out of the way there, except that three gas jets were lighted and turned on full blaze. At first the detectives were inclined to think that bank robbers had gained entrance to the building, and that one of them, having caught sight of Shorty Duff as he reached in to steal the satchel from the vestibule, had fired upon him. This would explain the pistol shots heard by Flynn. A careful examination of the bank, however, failed to reveal any trace of a bullet."

"The vaults, when opened, proved to contain only a change of linen for a man and a few toilet articles of but slight intrinsic value. The satchel itself is an ordinary cheap leather handbag, stamped in imitation of alligator skin."

"The police are now looking for his owner in the hope that he will be able to throw

some light on the mystery of the pistol shots."

When Dr. Murdoch had finished reading, everybody, except Dunlap and Sturgis, looked disappointed. The former settled back in his chair, the muscles of his face relaxed, and the anxious bank president once more became the genial and polished man of the world. The reporter sat gazing thoughtfully at his wineglass.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said Murdoch, "what do you think of my little problem?"

"I have already been assigned to work up this case for the Tempest," answered the reporter, quietly.

"Indeed? Perhaps you are the author of this very article? No? Then are you willing to make the solution of this little mystery the subject of our wager and the test of your theories?"

"Hold on, doctor," exclaimed Sprague; "you are doing Sturgis an injustice. Why pick out, as a test of his ability, a problem which, to all intents and purposes, has already been solved by the police? Give him some truly knotty question and he will be in his element; and then, at least, some interest will attach to your wager."

"Ah! you think the problem has already been solved?"

"To be sure. The article you have read is started out as if it were going to prove interesting; but, instead of that, it ends in an anti-climax. What is the crime here? The confessed theft, by a petty sneak thief, of a satchel worth, with its contents, perhaps eight or ten dollars. And where is the mystery? The ownership of a few pieces of unmarked linen of so little value that the owner does not care to take the trouble to claim them."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Sprague. While the crime in this case may be a petty theft, it contains, to my mind, interesting features, which you appear to lose sight of in your disdainful summary. The problem, it seems to me, involves a suitable explanation of two rather mysterious pistol shots, to say nothing of such minor details as lighted gas jets behind securely locked gates. As Mr. Sturgis has informed us, in his earnest and held way, every effect has a cause. I should like to know the cause that lighted the gas in the Knickerbocker bank."

"I shall probably find out that cause the day after to-morrow," said Mr. Dunlap, smiling, "and I shall give the fellow a talking to for his carelessness in forgetting to turn out the gas when he locked up."

"Mr. Dunlap's suggestion," continued Murdoch, "is plausible in itself and we might even assume that the same careless employee, after locking up the bank, forgot to close the outer door on the Wall street side. But even then, we have not disposed of the ownership of the satchel nor of the two pistol shots. The police theory that these shots were fired by bank robbers seems, I admit, very far-fetched. Professional cracksmen would hardly be likely to fire unless cornered; and then they would fire to kill or at least to disable. If their bullets failed to hit the mark they would at any rate leave some trace."

[To Be Continued.]

ORIGIN OF SCUTAGE.

A Feudal Tax That Was Exacted in the Time of Henry II. of England.

The tax or feudal payment known as "scutage" is in all our books described as a device introduced by Henry II. in 1146 or 1159, by which his tenants in chief, the feudal nobles of England, were allowed or required to pay a fixed sum in money in lieu of the fulfillment of the military requirements of their tenure, that is, to serve the king in the field with a certain number of followers. This, says the International Monthly, was supposed to have had the twofold advantage—indeed, to have been introduced for the twofold purpose—of providing the ambitious king with money with which to hire a more mobile and effective military force, and of weakening the military habits of the great vassals. It appears, however, on close investigation, that scutages had been collected before the time of Henry II., and that they were not so much commutations of military service as a special form of feudal imposition scarcely distinguishable from the aid or the donum, though, it is true, collected when otherwise a summons to actual military service might have been expected. This is not the only instance where a closer study of the records has recently deprived famous rulers of the traditional credit of instituting far-reaching lines of policy.

Oh, These Dear Girls.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "He proposed, but I had to refuse him."

"Ah!" exclaimed her dearest friend, "then that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"Brother Tom said the men at the club were all congratulating him on something or other last night."—Chicago Post.

Cause and Effect.

"I hear the tenor is laid up with a sprained ankle," said the church choir baritone.

"Yes," giggled the soprano, "he slipped up on an organ pedal."—Philadelphia Record.

How Commerce Works.

Grocer—Broccomeorn has gone up. Clerk—What's that for?

Grocer—Why, stupid, to keep up with the way we've raised the price of brooms.—Chicago Record.

So They Do.

"Do people ever have corns anywhere except on their feet?"

"Why, yes; farmers have corn in the ear."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HEALTHY WOMEN.

Mary J. Kennedy, manager of Armour & Co.'s Exhibit at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, Neb., writes the following of Peruna, as a cure for common phases of summer catarrh, known as indigestion. Miss Kennedy says:



"I found the constant change of diet incidental to eight years' traveling completely upset my digestive system. In consulting several physicians they decided I suffered with catarrh of the stomach. Their prescriptions did not seem to help me any, so, reading the remarkable cures effected by the use of Peruna I decided to try it and soon found myself well repaid. 'I have now used Peruna for a month or three months and feel completely rejuvenated. I believe I am permanently cured, and do not hesitate to give unstinted praise to your great remedy, Peruna.' The causes of summer catarrh are first, chronic catarrh; second, derangement of the stomach and liver; third, impure blood. Such being the case, anyone who knows anything whatever about the operations of Peruna can understand why this remedy is a permanent cure for summer catarrh. It eradicates chronic catarrh from the system, invigorates the stomach and liver, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and therefore permanently cures by removing the cause, a host of maladies peculiar to hot weather. The cause being removed the symptoms disappear of themselves. 'Summer Catarrh' sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

MURPHY WAS MUCH PUZZLED.

He Managed to Give Satisfactory Answers to the Questions, However.

One of the New York enumerators called on an old Irishman who had his name, Murphy, chalked upon his door. He was very much perplexed, although he had been in the country long enough to go through several censuses.

"The census?" he exclaimed suspiciously. "What is it?"

"I told him that it was a record of the tribe of Murphys in the United States that was being prepared for the government, whereat he was greatly flattered, and wanted to tell me his family history as far back as he knew it. His memory, however, was defective, especially as to dates."

"The year we were hatched," he repeated, scratching his head. "Sure an' I don't know at all, at all." Then, after reflecting awhile he brightened up and said: "Sure, an' it was the year the crops failed in Ireland."

"Was it in '37?" I suggested, at a venture. He looked to be about 60.

"Faith an' it was that very year," he replied, and I let it go at that.

He had forgotten, too, the year of his arrival in America, but I remember that John Gately was running for president at the time," he said.

Aerobatic.

After supper he procured his wife's best choker from the back shed, fastened one end of it to his St. Bernard's collar and the other to the handle bar of his bicycle. Then he went out into the middle of the road and mounted. For about four rods, that is until the St. Bernard expired a canine friend, the sensation was dramatic, after that it became one horrible nightmare. In desperation the rider clutched handle bars, back pedaled and fairly howled, until at last he became sufficiently cool to call to the dog to stop. It stopped all right, but the wheel had motions of its own. It went on till it struck the dog amidships, then it rose in the air, sending its rider toward cloudland. His head tried conclusions with the curly, and when they brought him to he promised his wife never to do it again.—Detroit Free Press.

A boy in the family always comes in handy when the pie left over isn't enough to save.—Acheson Globe.

Painful Periods

are overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fifty thousand happy women testify to this in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful something is wrong which

will promptly set right, if excessive or irregular write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Evidence abounds that Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine have for many years been helping women to be strong. No other advice is so unvaryingly accurate, no other medicine has such a record of cure.

